

The Kindly Heart

By JESSIE E. SHERWIN

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"There goes a fine woman, Martin. She'd make a good wife for somebody." Saul Espy and Martin Bross were conversing when the lady designated by the former passed down the road. Martin looked after her with a certain fond and longing expression in his eyes, but he sighed deeply.

"Yes, she's a very superior lady," he conceded. "I have often thought how she would grace and deserve a pleasant home, but good fortune has not come her way. She just manages to eke out a living for herself and her little child, Winifred. As to myself, you know father left the property here only, and that is badly mortgaged."

"Queer about that, Martin. You know your father certainly had some money and securities before he died, for I borrowed and paid him \$3,000 on a mortgage."

"Well, towards the last he acted very strangely, as you know, and seems to have lost what he had."

Saul Espy passed on his way and Martin entered the ramshackly old house where he had been born. It had been a lonely home to him. His mother had died when he was a child and at twenty-two he had found himself saddled with a badly run-down little farm, heavily encumbered. His nearest neighbor, Mrs. Mary Reeves, a widow and her little child were about all the company he had or sought. Mrs. Reeves was about his own age and they had become true friends.

Martin went into the house to pause, listen and smile. A whirring sound directed him to a corner of the kitchen where a mouse caught in a trap was speeding round and round in the treadmill wheel attached to the cage.

"Most people would drown you, little fellow," observed Martin taking up the cage and eyeing indulgently the sleek little frightened captive within, "but I haven't the heart to. There you are—now run for it."

The kindly Martin carried the trap to the open doorway and shook out the tiny prisoner, who at once scampered for cover. There was a slight scream and Mrs. Reeves stood ten feet away shaking her finger playfully.

"Is that the way you greet a neighbor bent on bringing you a fresh pan of biscuits?" she cried.

"Why, are you that timid?" smiled Martin, taking the mild scolding genially. "It was the smallest mouse possible and if you had looked into its innocent, pleading eyes as I did you would have let it go, too."

"To come back into the house and bother you again," retorted Mrs. Reeves. "Well, I suppose you can't help being tender-hearted. It's the talk of the town that you sat up nursing old Carlo two nights before he died?"

"What! neglect the faithful guardian of the home, almost as old as myself?" spoke Martin stanchly. "As to the mouse tribe, Mrs. Reeves, one night when I was playing my flute two of them came creeping cautiously across the floor and stood there almost human until I ceased playing."

Martin accepted the covered dish proffered. "Wait until I get a cake of honey for you," he said, and as Mrs. Reeves departed he stood gazing after her with a quickened gleam in his eyes.

He stopped outside his pretty neighbor's gate the next morning and nodded cheerily to Mrs. Reeves and little Winifred. "I shall be gone all day and over night at Riverport," he said. "I wonder if you would take the key to the house and step over and feed my canaries?"

"And let out any stray mouse there may be in the trap?" intimated Mrs. Reeves, with twinkling eyes.

"Yes, that too, if you please," replied Martin.

He got back home the next afternoon to find a desultory crowd viewing a heap of ruins.

"It burned down yesterday," lisped little Winifred, "and mamma says you are to come over to our house till you build a new one."

"It was your friends the mice who are accountable for the fire," the widow declared. "When I went into the house I found a box of matches scattered all around. I gathered up all I could, but the mice probably carried some away to their nests and ignited them."

"Did you ever see that before, Mr. Bross?" She had led the way to the sitting room. There lying on the floor was a blackened old tin box.

"Why!" exclaimed Martin, "it's the old bread box that my father used to keep his papers in. I haven't seen it since he died."

"No, for he had it hidden away in the attic and I found it among the ashes after the fire. Mr. Bross, the only one I've told is your lawyer. It's full of gold. He says it must be the missing fortune your father hid away and it holds over five thousand dollars in gold and silver."

"Then the mice have proven my best friends!" cried Martin, roused out of himself. He gazed rapidly at the widow. His eyes sparkled. Then he picked up little Winifred and kissed her.

"Mrs. Reeves," he said, "when I build my new house I want you to promise to let this sweet little friend come to live with me."

"Oh, dear! I should miss her—"

"And you with her," added Martin with yearning eyes.

AWAKES FROM LONG SLEEP

Little Town of Koenigstein Has a Brief Resumption of Military Glory of the Past.

On the great main route between Frankfurt and Cologne, the little town of Koenigstein has enjoyed an unusual, though not unprecedented, military importance this summer, owing to the fact that General Mangin has made it his headquarters. The destruction of its fortress, the building of railways and steamships for the Rhine, all these had shown Koenigstein of its one-time importance, and during the last 150 years, but for the bustle and laughter of the periodic holiday-maker, the little town seems to have fallen asleep. Through gently rising and falling country, past gardens which are a colored tangle of climbing geraniums and other flowers, the traveler comes upon Koenigstein. And instantly his attention is arrested by the great ruin, silent, misshapen, upon the hill, forcing upon the present, inexorably, the memory of the past. Here owing to the treachery of one of his messengers, the French general, Meunier, surrendered to the Prussians in 1792; here the French returned four years later in triumph, only shortly after to destroy and then abandon their little city encompassed by its powerful walls, lest the approaching enemy should once more trench himself there. Today, in times of peace, a great French soldier walks beneath the shadow of the fortress, while his men in their picturesque azure uniforms, climb inconspicuously about its shattered terraces and through its broken doorways.

HELPING FRANCE TO REBUILD

Californians Responsible for the Erection of Model Village in the Devastated Region.

Anyone acquainted with the marvelous recuperative energy of France will hardly be surprised at the pace with which she is rebuilding her waste places and desolate heritages. Less than two years ago, along the banks of the Marne, all was ruin and desolation; where once had been thriving villages, not one brick stood upon another. Today, houses amidst their neatly planted gardens are springing up everywhere, and the peasant is to be seen once more serenely at work in the fields as though during these past years he had known no other setting for his labors than this silent, peaceful countryside. One thing he has gained from this destruction and building up again. The dark, inconspicuous, often dilapidated home of the past has been replaced by a comfortable, up-to-date dwelling. Among the most remarkable of these post-bellum French villages is one in the department of the Meurthe-et-Moselle, which has been wholly rebuilt under the superintendence of Californian women, architects and designers. An ideal model village, artistic, orderly, practical in its extreme simplicity, this little homestead is held in great esteem by its inhabitants, who are determined to prove themselves worthy of so attractive a setting.

Going "On High" in a Flivver. Going to heaven "on high" in a flivver has come to be a fact rather than mere fancy. At least the feat has been attempted in effigy. This curious ceremony took place recently in Tientsin, China, says the Kansas City Star.

It is a custom among the rich in China to burn various effigies at the funeral ceremonies. The effigies represent every manner of thing from animals to tables loaded with money. When the wealthy Mr. Li died the family ordered an imitation of his car burned at his grave.

The effigy, which was constructed in detail, with Chinese paper and reed and bamboo frames, was carried through the streets for more than three miles to the grave side. The effigial auto, upholstered, tires, and even the effigial driver, were consumed by the blaze in a few minutes.

New Minister. The new minister, who was rather young, and five-year-old Marian became great friends at sight. And Marian was not impressed much by his ministerial dignity even at church. The other Sunday when he went home with them for dinner she was delighted.

The little girl from next door came over to see the visitor. "He's the minister at your church—isn't he?" she asked.

Very decisively Marian shook her head. "Oh, no; he's just a nice boy, who sometimes comes to our house and eats a whole lot and sometimes goes to our church and talks a little bit," was the reply. — Indianapolis News.

Country's Leather Industry. The leather industry ranks as the third greatest manufacturing industry in the United States. According to the census of manufacturers for 1914, about 250,000 persons are engaged in the leather industry of the United States, some 55,936 of whom are in the tanning and leather trades, the remainder being principally shoemakers and harness makers.

First Principles. "What's your theory of collective bargaining?"

"Seems to me," replied Farmer Coratossel, "pretty much like the plain, old-fashioned lawsuit. The side that kin get the smartest legal talent to represent it is mighty liable to get the best of the deal."

His Double

By OTILLIA FRANCES PFEIFFER

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Two men stood facing one another, each dripping wet. One was dressed in the height of style and was the owner of an automobile standing in the road a few hundred feet distant. The other, while respectfully attired, showed no evidence of wealth. He was half dragging, half supporting the other. Now the latter braced up somewhat. He had fallen into a deep quarry pit while seeking to secure some rare flowers growing near to its edge, and the other, a casual passerby, had leaped in and rescued the imperiled adventurer as he was sinking for the third time.

For the first moment the two stood full face to face. There was a start, a stare, a void of stupefaction in either countenance and for the space of half a minute the two men regarded one another mutely.

"I say!" abruptly burst forth the better dressed man, "we look near enough alike to be brothers!"

"That dawns upon me forcibly," less animatedly responded the other.

"Come," spoke the rescued one impetuously, "you have risked your life to save mine. It is a debt I can never repay. Get into the auto and we can reach Mayville inside of thirty minutes."

The other drew back. "I do not care to go to Mayville," he said with a seriousness and decision that had a tinge of mystery to it.

"Then Brocton lies ten miles in the other direction. Don't dally—we are both wet and chilled through. When we get back to normal we want to know each other more fully. I am Adrian Purcell."

"And I Roy Dyson," said the rescuer. "I don't want you to make anything extraordinary of my trying to see if I still know how to swim."

"That won't go!" spoke Purcell with warmth. "I'm not likely to soon forget you."

"I'm not much to remember," smiled Dyson glumly, and with some bitterness as though life's awards meant very little to him. He seemed anxious to get on his way alone, resenting gratitude and patronage on the part of the other. He, however, reluctantly got into the machine and Purcell taking the wheel they soon reached Brocton. As they were shown to a room in the hotel Purcell gave their attendant a variety of orders.

"There is no mistake about our resembling one another, is there, now?" he said. "I look a trifle older than you, but we are the same build and height and we tally even as to facial expression. Tell me something about yourself, won't you?"

But Dyson was averse to giving much of his life history. As to Purcell, he was a young man of fortune who insisted that he owed his life to Dyson and wanted to adjust the score in some way. Purcell was so insistent as to this feature that Dyson finally said:

"Since you will have it that you wish to do something for me, I might suggest—"

"Just name it and command me."

"Very well, then; two years ago I left Mayville with the promise to the girl I loved, Mary Smith, that I would go out in the world to try and better my fortune. I returned last night and visited the village. I overheard some people gossiping. Mary Smith had married a year ago and is now Mrs. Mary Bartley, and not six months since I received from her a letter protesting her undying love for me."

"That was indeed a hard blow," said Purcell, genuinely sympathetic.

"I at once turned my back on the town, never to return to it. Now I have met you, we look alike. Because of pride, because I wish to punish the perfidy of Mary Smith, it would be an immense satisfaction to me to have you go to Mayville, register as myself, play my part, boast, overawe the town with your automobile and fine attire and great wealth. Filt at the end of a week, leaving the town persuaded that I have indeed made good, and Mary Smith with a bitter knowledge of what she has missed."

"I declare!" smiled Purcell. "That is an original proposition. Good! It's a bargain. I'll play the part if you will remain here until I return."

Two evenings later Dyson was aroused from a reverie by the unexpected appearance of Purcell.

"You're to go to Mayville," he announced.

"What's that?" demanded Dyson sharply.

"Yes. Say, I played my part grandly, and then yesterday I learned that Mary Smith was coming to see me at the hotel and I hoisted."

"You mean Mary Bartley," suggested Dyson.

"I don't," dissented Purcell with vigor. "I mean your own and only Mary Smith. Why, man, I learn that your lady love has pined and waited, and would still wait if you haven't a dollar. The Mary Smith who became Mrs. Bartley was a new arrival at the town. Now then, I'm going to disappear and you forget me, but first I'm going to stake you for a few thousands, and be happy in feeling that I have done something for the brave, self-sacrificing fellow who risked his life to save my own."

In vain Roy Dyson demurred, but Purcell was determined. The next day the former went back to Mayville and—Mary.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1706 of Albert M. Seibert, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is April 30, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is December 19, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on January 30, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m., and on April 30, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Herman Sonneman, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To the heirs and all persons interested in said estate:

Notice is hereby given that Minnie Sonneman, as administratrix of said estate, filed her final account herein on this day, and also her application for the distribution of the personal property belonging to said estate, and that the said final account and application for the distribution of said estate will be heard before the County Court in the court house in the city of North Platte, county of Lincoln and state of Nebraska, on the 10th day of January, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time any person interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why the said final account should not be approved and allowed and the estate distributed as provided by law.

Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, December 20, 1919. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that the corporation has been duly formed under the laws of the State of Nebraska, the name of which is "Watchmakers' Document, Incorporated."

The principal place of transacting business is in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The general nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the manufacture and sale of a certain patent article consisting of a combined microscopes and objects holder for the use of watchmakers and retail jewelers and for the manufacture and sale of merchandise generally, and especially as used in connection with the watchmaker's trade; the sale of such merchandise to be conducted at wholesale or retail and for the rental or erection of such buildings and structures as may be deemed necessary for the proper conduct of said business, and to purchase necessary real estate as a site therefor.

The authorized capital stock of said corporation is \$25,000.00, \$15,000.00 of which shall be fully paid up, the balance of said stock to be sold and made payable subject to the order of the board of directors of said corporation.

The time of commencement of business of said corporation shall be the 1st day of November, 1919, and shall extend for a period of twenty years.

The highest amount of indebtedness or liability the corporation shall at any time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of the capital stock fully paid.

The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by the board of directors, consisting of three in number, to be elected by the stockholders, and the officers of said corporation shall be president, vice-president, secretary treasurer and manager, and chosen by the board of directors.

Dated November 4, 1919. HERMAN HAEFLIGER, JOSEPH J. SCHATZ, LLOYD GUMMERE, EDWARD M. SCHATZ.

Estray Notice.

Taken up on or about July 15, 1919, by the undersigned, who lives nine miles southwest of North Platte, a brown mare, seven or eight years old, weight about 1,000 pounds. No brands. Owner call, prove property, pay charges and take animal away. 97-5 FRANK ENGLAND.

Legal Notice.

Eber H. Smith, Claud C. Smith, Exa Hazel Smith, Lots One and Two in Block 7 of Peniston's Addition to the City of North Platte, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, defendants, will take notice that on the 6th day of September, 1919, Alice O. Cole, plaintiff, filed her petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a decree of said Court quieting and confirming said plaintiff's title to the above described real estate and to enjoin each and all of said defendants and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said premises from asserting any interest therein adverse to said plaintiff.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 26th day of January, 1920. ALICE O. COLE, Plaintiff. By HOAGLAND & HOAGLAND and E. E. Carr, Her Attorneys. 41619

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Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said Court wherein Nebraska Central Building and Loan Association is plaintiff, and John L. Schlientz and Caroline M. Schlientz, his wife, are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 7th day of February, 1920, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

South One-Half (5/8) of lots numbered one (1) and two (2), Block numbered ninety-six (96), Original town of North Platte, Nebraska, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated North Platte, Nebraska, January 3rd, 1920. A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

Notice of Referee's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order issued to me by the District Court in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, in an action therein pending wherein Emma Hathaway is plaintiff and Walter Shafer, Howard H. Hathaway, Myra Ross, Morris Walter Ross, Estys Osborn, John Osborn, Frances Patterson, George Patterson, Alla Gaff, Erva Gaff, Arla Lee Lockard, William Cardwell Ashby, a minor, Rozetta Witt, Charles Witt, William Elmer Shafer, Orle Elsie Shafer, his wife, Elizabeth M. Love, guardian of William Cardwell Ashby, a minor, are defendants, I will on the 24th day of January, 1920, at the hour of three o'clock p. m. of said day, at the east front door of the court house in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, sell at auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate situate in the County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, to-wit: The Northeast Quarter (NE 1/4) of Section Thirty-four (34), Township Ten (10), Range Thirty-three (33), West of the 6th P. M.

Dated this 22nd day of December, 1919. O. E. ELDER, Referee.

ORDER OF HEARING.

In the Matter of the Estate of Frank L. Lawrence, Deceased.

Now on this 18th day of December, 1919, on the filing of the petition of Sarah A. Lawrence praying that the instrument now on file be probated as the last will and testament of Frank L. Lawrence, deceased, and that she be appointed as executrix of said estate with the will annexed.

It is hereby ordered that January 13, 1920, be set for the hearing thereof before this court at 10 o'clock a. m., and that notice of said hearing be given the heirs, devisees, and all persons interested in said estate by publication of a notice thereof for three successive weeks prior to said hearing in the North Platte Semi-Weekly Tribune, a legal semi-weekly newspaper printed and published in Lincoln county, Nebraska.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE.

A. A. Pruitt, first and real name unknown, will take notice that on the 23 day of November, 1919, Wm. H. C. Woodhurst, the county judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$959.00 and costs of suit in an action pending in said county court wherein Leypoldt & Pennington Company, a corporation, is plaintiff, and A. A. Pruitt, real name unknown, is defendant. Pursuant to said order a writ of attachment was duly issued and levied upon the following property of defendant: One car of potatoes, in C. B. & Q. car 27854 located in the railroad yards at North Platte, Nebraska. That the summons issued therein being returned showing defendant not found in said county, the answer day is continued until the 2d day of February, 1920, and this plaintiff authorized to receive service on the defendant by publication.

Dated this 11th day of December, 1919.

LEYPOLDT & PENNINGTON COMPANY, Plaintiff. By Hoagland & Hoagland and E. E. Carr, Attorneys. 423-3